NUMB. II.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

To be continued Weekly.

Murmura cum ſecum & rabioſa ſilentia rodunt. Perſius.

THURSDAY, *March.* 3. 1715.

I had no ſooner publiſhed my firſt *Grumble*, than I received the Complaints of our whole Family, who all, except *Tom*, pretended to have as much Reaſon to repine at the uſage they had met with, as my ſelf; and therefore were highly incenſed at me for entring upon ſuch a Deſign, without communicating it beforehand to them. I had no Way left to give them ample Satisfaction, but by an aſſurance, that I wou'd make their ſeveral Diſcontents known to the Publick; which I think I cannot perform in a better Manner, than by ſetting forth each of their Characters, with an Account of their preſent Circumſtances. And indeed it wou'd be no ſmall Injuſtice to the Town, to conceal ſuch Originals as they all are in their ſeveral ways.

My Mother *Rebeccah Gizzard*, whoſe Maiden Name, as I before inform'd my Reader, was *Pye*, happen'd to be born to a conſiderable Fortune, which, according to the old Proverb, proved to be *a great Misfortune*; her Guardians having to this Day withheld it from her by their ſoul Practices. Her Jointure (poor Woman) has been every Year conſumed in fruitleſs Endeavours to recover it by a Lawſuit. This has made her a perfect Lawyer in Petticoats; and ſhe has frequently entertain'd me with a Two-hours Cant of *Ejectments*, *Diſtreſſes*, *Writs of Errour*, *Appeals*, &c. inſomuch that my Brother *Tom* has often adviſ'd her to put on a Bar-Gown, and *grumble* no longer without a Fee.

My Eldeſt Siſter, Mrs. *Martha Gizzard*, has moſt unhappily lived to the Age of fifty without being once asked the Queſtion: Whether this was owing to her ſmall Fortune or her great Merit, is yet a Secret in our Family. She has acquired an univerſal Hatred for our Sex, whom ſhe looks upon as worthleſs Creatures, and inſenſible of any thing that is really valuable. She has a peculiar Vein for Satyr, and for that Reaſon is extreamly welcome to the whole Society of Ancient Virgins, who are often entertain'd with her *Grumbles*.

Hugh, my Eldeſt Brother, is a Man of very eminent Intereſt in his own Country. He now inherits the Paternal Eſtate of the *Gizzards* near *St. Maws*, for which Burrough he has been Six times choſen Member. The continual Expence that Elections have been to him has brought no ſmall Diminution upon his Fortune; for although his Eſtate be Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, he is obliged out of it to pay my Mother a Rentcharge of ſeven Hundred Pounds *per annum*. He has for theſe laſt Five Years been accounted a *Tory*, and *grumbles* much at the Taxes and the Funds, becauſe the One affects his Land, and he has no Money to put into the Other. However, two good things I can affirm of him, that he keeps an Excellent Pack of Hounds, and the Miniſter of the Pariſh dines at his Table every *Sunday*. This Brother is Forty Eight Years old.

My next Brother is *Aaron Gizzard*, now in the Forty ſecond Year of his Age. He was expelled the College in his younger Years, for refuſing to ſubſcribe the *Oxford Decree*. The whole Courſe of his Life ſince that has been one continued Series of Misfortunes. He attended for many Years at *London* for Preferment upon the Promiſe of a great Man's Favour, upon whom he threw away a Dedication of a Volume of Sermons. At length he obtained a ſmall Living in *Wales*, the Pariſhoners of which have been very deficient in paying him his Tythes. But alas, unhappy Man, that was not all, his Library conſiſting of Eight Books, laſt Year by the Careleſneſs of his Maid, was burnt to the Ground; by which he loſt alſo ſeveral curious Manuſcripts of his own. And to make him compleatly unhappy, he has married a Wife, whoſe ſmalleſt ill Quality is, that ſhe is poor. If after all this he

ſhou'd

ſhou'd have eſcaped the Family-Diſtemper, it wou'd be a plain Proof that Miracles are not yet ceaſed.

Next to him ſtands my Siſter *Deborah*, who is now ſeven and Thirty Years old, and has for Twelve Years been maried to *Timothy Crab*, Eſq; Beſides the natural Peeviſhneſs of her Nature, her Husbands ill Qualities have highly conttibuted to the breeding in her the *Grumbles*. He regularly viſits her every Night drunk, and exerciſes upon her that Talent of Quarrelling, which he dare not diſcover any where elſe. However, 'tis hard to determine, whether his Vices have bred her ill Humour, or her ill Humour has occaſion'd his Vices.

With my Siſter *Deborah* was born a Twin-Brother, *Lionel*, who by a Natural Gravity in his Air, a remarkable Oblongneſs in his Viſage, a Heavineſs about his Eyes, and a Sophiſtry in his Diſcourſe, gave early Hopes of a Riſing Lawyer. But alas, 'tis but too true

Fronti nulla fides,

For in ſpight of all theſe ominous Signs he has been Twelve Years at the Bar, without ſo much as the leaſt ſhadow of Practice; although he affirmed to my ſelf, that he has not failed for that whole time to attend at the Hall, with a Deportment that might ſufficiently teſtify him ready to accept of Buſineſs. He *grumbles* much at the Slur put upon him, and laments that Men of Merit are much overlook'd in that Profeſſion.

My next Brother is *Ben*, who was in my Father's time bound an Apprentice to a great *Eaſt India* Merchant; but being too fine a Gentleman to think of any Traffick unleſs it were to the Mount *Parnaſſus*, he forſook his Buſineſs, and applyed himſelf totally to Poetry; and (as he tells me) compoſed an Excellent Play, which to his great ſurprize cou'd not reach to a Third Night. Since that he has pined away in Poetical *Grumbles* againſt the vile and corrupted Taſte of the Town, and is now in the Thirty ſixth Year of his Age.

And now I come to the moſt beautiful and agreeable Perſon of our whole Race, and that is my Brother *Tom Gizzard*, who was a natural Son of my Father's, and is now but Thirty Three Years of Age. Whether he was gotten of a good humour'd Mother, or at a Time when my Father's Spleen had an Interval of Pleaſantry, I cannot tell, but ſo it happens that he is the only *Gizzard* that is not in the leaſt infected with the *Grumbles*. He was for many Years in the Army, where he was univerſally beloved, and from thence came to be a Courtier, and has not failed of Succeſs even in that way; but within this two laſt Years, having a Competency of Fortune, and a natural Indolence of Temper, he has quitted the buſy Part of Life and totally turn'd himſelf to a Courſe of Mirth and Jollity, unmoleſted either with Dependance or Attendance. His Perſon and Gallantry have led him through many pleaſant Intrigues, which he gives a very entertaining Relation of; and from the Time of his Birth to this Hour never once betray'd the leaſt Spice of Peeviſhneſs or Moroſeneſs. Such a Brother as this will ſeem to be almoſt dropt out of the Clouds, in order to ſweeten ſo ſour a Family as ours, of which he muſt be thought a very accidental Branch. But what is yet ſtrangeſt of all, is that he delights in our Company, and can with all the Satisfaction in the World hear a whole Set of *Gizzards grumble*, while he himſelf remains eaſy and contented like a Philoſopher.

'Tis from this *Half-brother*'s Qualifications that I may ſafely promiſe the Town no ſmall Diverſion, He having paſt through a variety of curious Incidents, and ſeen human Life in its different Shapes more than any Man now breathing of his Age. But I fear I ſhall expatiate ſo much on his Character as to provoke the reſt of my Brethren to *grumble* both at him and me; and therefore ſhall only ſay thus much, that when my Courteous Reader meets with any Paſſages in which there is more Softneſs than is uſual to *Grumblers*, he may impute it to my honeſt Brother *Tom*.

And now I have given a Picture of our Family, if any of them ſhou'd *grumble* at the Veracity of it, I promiſe to give them leave to paint themſelves hereafter in ſuch Colours, as they ſhall beſt approve.

Theſe are to acquaint the Ingenious Mr. Growle, *that his Letter came to Hand, for which I thank him.*

I have now in my Hands a Curious Manuſcript written by that famous Anceſtor of mine Humphrey Gizzard, *Eſq; which I intend in a few Months to publiſh, intitled* A Treatiſe concerning the Nature of GRUMBLING, phyſically conſider'd; *by which it plainly will appear to be a Social Vertue.*

All Letters directed

To ANTHONY GIZZARD, *Eſq*; Or,
To the GRUMBLER,

To be left at W. Wilkins's, *at the* Dolphin *in* Little-Britain; *and I can aſſure them that every ſuch Letter will come to the Hands of their faithful humble Servant.*

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